Marbels Ghost:

Being the True Copy of a [illegible] upon his suddain Sickness [illegible] first Arrival into *London*.

The Archbishops of Canterbury *have put the Kings of this Land to much Sorrow and Trouble, for which the Kings Sons will take more Care and Circumspection to avoid such Inconveniences, that See, as it her should stand with them, he in like sort should not be against them.* Fox. Acts and Monuments, Vol. 1. p. 1183.

The APOLOGY.

WHen Men of God will do the Devil's Work,
And frame New Prayers for Lewis, and (the Turk.
In drunken Clubs Religiously Combine,
To make the left Mack-Ninny's Right (Divine;
And the whole Town with Clean Distinctions ring
Of a de jure and de facto King,
And prate of Duty till they've lost the thing.
When those whose Business 'tis to Preach up Peace,
Labour to make our Dissentients increase:
Foment Divisions, and new Storms create:
Defame the King and undermine the State,
Which wou'd, were they but hang'd, be fortunate.
What Indignation can be thought severe?
How can a true-born English Mule forbear

To

A

London, 1688.

13

To lash their Folly, and Correct their Vice,
And teach the People whence their Plagues arise?
How innocent and good soe're they seem,
The Source of all our Mischiefs lies in Them.
From them, as from Pandora's *Box they fly:*
'Tis their corrupted Breath pollutes our Northern *Sky.*
Therefore, my Lord, *you justly can't accuse*
This modest Sally of a backward Muse,
Which had been damn'd to Silence, and forgot,
If you had not reviv'd it with your Plot.
'Twas writ to Consolate your Sickness then;
If you had mended, this had ne're been seen.
But since you every Day grow worse and worse,
And still Resolve to be the Nation's Curse.
I also am Resolv'd to let you know,
Here's one as Stubborn and as bold as you.

The GHOST.

HOW just is then the Tribute of our Eyes?
When Vertue Languishes, and Goodness Dies,
When holy Prelacy from Court withdrawn,
Lies sick at *Lambeth* in a Shrowd of Lawn!
Who fearing now Compliance with the Prince,
Shou'd better Men to equal Power advance,
With-holds his Hand, and in the very nick
The humorous Prelate willingly falls Sick.
On what small Props a Church-man's health depends!
Draw but one Pin and the whole Fabrick bends;
Touch but their Wealth, their Power, or their Place,
They'll Snuff, and Snort, and Curse you to your Face.
Has there a Mischief in the World been done,
E're since the odious Name of *B*—— known,
In which a Clergy-man has not been One!
*H*ave there been private Murders, publick Wars,
Dividing Schisms or Intestine Jars,
Reproaches,

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Reproaches, Scandals, Goals, Fines, Bloody Laws,
Of which they have not been the chiefeſt Cau'e!
Great *Conſtantine* how baſely haſt thou ſtain'd,
Thoſe Glorious Laurels that they Conqueſts gain'd!
Untainted *Honour* with bright Luſtre ſprea.d
It ſelf in ſhining circles round thy *Head*,
Which might have ſhone till now, belov'd, rever'd,
In the ſame Tomb had B———been interr'd
With leſſer Villains: but nice Goodneſs ſpar'd
Thoſe Foes that ſhou'd have the ſame ruin ſhar'd.
Thoſe Sanctimonious Robbers that did more
Infeſt the Church than *Heathen* Prieſts before:
They with profeſſed Malice Blood did ſpill:
Theſe Pray, and Smile, and Flatter when they kill.
They did their Open Enemies annoy:
Theſe kiſs the Friends they Murder and Deſtroy.
By theſe opreſt the mournful Church implor'd
The tardy Vengeance of thy backward Sword.
Had this been done, had thy Imperial Frown
But ſmote thoſe haughty Mitred Monarchs down:
Myriads of Bleſſings ſhou'd they Reign adorn,
Paid by paſt Ages, this, and thoſe unborn.
Tell me, ye doating Bigots who Revere
Theſe Raree Shows o'th' Church and Pageants here;
Like Tinſel Mortals on a *Gewgaw* Stall,
Fram'd for meer ſhow and of no uſe at all.
Tell me in ſober ſeriouſneſs, unvext,
What *Holineſs* is to their Cowl annext:
What hidden Vertue in their Office lies,
Unſeen by Men of common Senſe and Eyes!
Did e're a Biſhoprick a Man advance,
Above the the Reſt in *Honour*, Truth, and Sence!
Or did a fat Advowſon ever make
A Man preach better and more labour take?

They

They talk'd indeed in very Loyal ſtrain
To praiſe the King did God himſelf prophane,
But ſure we ne're ſhall hear of that again.
Born to themſelves, themſelves alone they pleaſe,
Steep't in the Sweets of Luxury and Eaſe:
The Land they Canton and Divide the Spoil,
And Drain the Moiſture of our Wealthy Iſle.
For Pulpit-work let thoſe who can do that
They're all too Dull, too Feeble, or too Fat.
Are theſe the Men that hope to Govern now?
To whom our Church and State again muſt bow?
Have we then but the Bleſſed Proſpect ſeen
Of dawning Peace, with a vaſt Gulph between?
Like Men Condemn'd on flattering hopes born high
To fall with greater Ruin from the Sky!
Good God forbid thy Church ſhou'd e're be ſway'd
By thoſe again that have thy Truth betray'd:
Who lately ſuch a fatal Inſtance gave
What precious care they 'd of Religion have,
That durſt adore a Fool and Truſt a Knave.
Shou'd it be thus how wou'd our Iſle complain,
And beg to have our Wandring King again?
Intreat the worſt his incens'd Rage can do,
The leſs important Miſchief of the two:
Which is the Cruel'ſt Beaſt will then be known.
An Engliſh Prelate or a French Dragoon.
From hence, *my Lord*, you may with eaſe foreknow
What Epitaphs we ſhall on ſuch beſtow:
When ſuch depart, (when will juſt Heaven think fit
To ſtrike and do an injur'd Nation right!)
The moſt Obdurate Muſe will ſtrain a Verſe,
And Bathe with Tears, of joy, each Biſhops Herſe.

FINIS.